At contests, home and away, where Alma Pater was sung the highest type of comment on its quality have been elicited. On several radio rallies when the song was sung comment from far and near have been received.

A great deal of popularity of the song can be credited to the Cougar Quartette, composed of Andy Anderson, Clyde Summerhays, William Johnson, and Morris Christensen, whose rendition of the song has been unsurpassed.

ALMA PATER

We praise our Alma Mater,
Our Alma Mammy too,
We cheer for Yale and Harvard,
With a boo-la boo-la boo;
You've heard the "Sons of Utah,"
The A. C. anthems sung;
So here's a song we offer
At the shrine of Brigham Young.

Chorus:

Our Alma Pater
For you we're fighting
To hear our Cougars
Scream victory.
His fangs are dripping
With blood of battle,
Come on
We'll FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT, for thee.
It's in your honor
We cheer our warriors;
Our songs are ringing,
Our banners flung.
We're sons of Brigham,
United ever,
To fight for Brigham Young.

Now, nations fight for glory,
And others war for fame,
Still some may strive for fortune,
And others strive for gain.
But we're just loyal Cougars,
Alive with pep and fun,
We'll ever don our fighting togs
To honor Brigham Young.

Songs

College Song

All hail the college that we love
At the throne, the throne of wisdom's sway,
O, let us lift our songs above
The thronging multitude today,

No pride nor riches here may sue;
The head, the heart, the hand,
United must be true,
Be true to thee, our white and blue
When they join our happy band.

(Chorus)

Then cheer anew for the B.Y.U.
We've come to work, to live, to do;
We'll raise the standard;
Bear it thru'.
Our hearts are true to the B.Y.U.

No college colors half so sweet
As our colors, colors pure and true
No college banner that we greet,
Like thee, our dear old white and blue.
No youth its beauty e'er denies;
Such thought no maid allows,
For blue is in her bonnie eyes,
And of white her thoughtful brow.

The Trail of the "Y"

T. Earl Pardoe :: Will Hanson

I.

I've made love to the girls at the dance
I've held hands in the chemical "lab."
By the Arch I have taken a chance
Tho' the number of times there's no tab.
On the lake as I splashed my canoe
I would drift for a while in the shade,
But the girl which swore I would woo
Was the one who with me made the grade.

(Chorus)

On the trail of the "Y"
With the clouds floating by,

I drank in the valley of moonlight below,
As I looked in her eyes
With more blue than the skies
I vowed I would guard her from every foe.
And from there we would start,
As she pledged me her heart
On the trail, on the trail of the "Y."

II.

I've made love to the girls in the lane
As it winds at the foot of the hill,
And with some I have talked in light vein,
As we sat by the tree near the rill.
By the river-side edge we would rest,
With a bonfire and mellowing light
But the girl whom I know was the best
Was the one who went climbing that night.

Our Glorious Banner

Our glorious banner waves on high,
Folds of white and blue are streaming.
And the star of fortune in the sky,
Like the noon day sun is beaming.
And our hearts beat true to our college
To her name may her sons be ever true--
Long live her glorious name!
Long live her glorious name!
We'll rise, we'll rise and shout,
And shout, for dear B. Y. U.
On, on, to victory.

Hark, the signal trumpet calls us forth
To the field of fame and glory,
Where the haughty foemen from the north
Will be taught this truthful story:
That our flag which so proudly is waving
The folds of the dear White and Blue
Shall never kiss the dust!
While life, while life and strength and strength
And being shall last, we'll fight for victory.